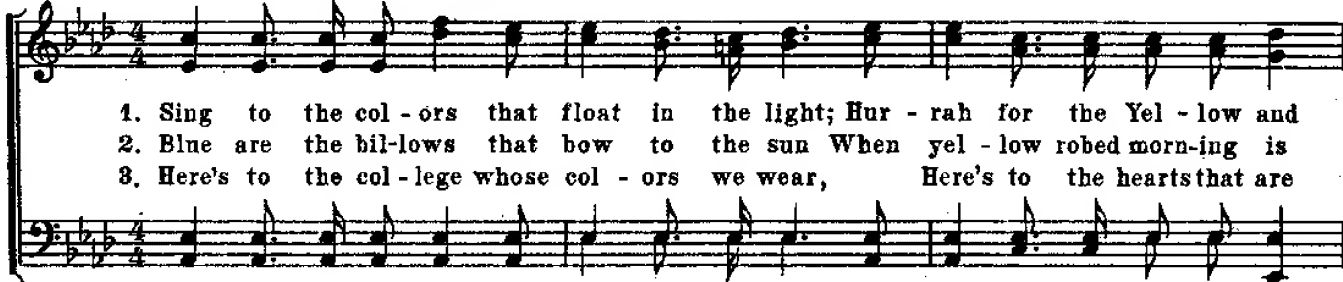



The Yellow And Blue

CHARLES M. GAYLEY, '78

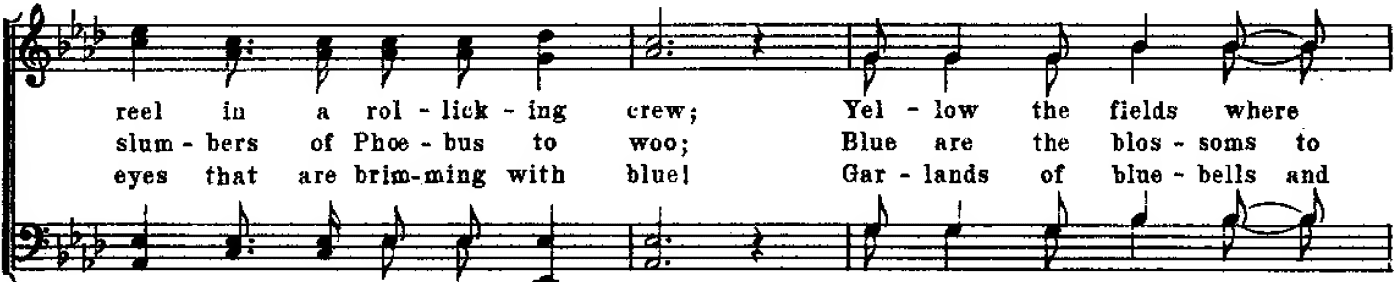
BALFE

With animation (*Melody in 2^d Tenor*)

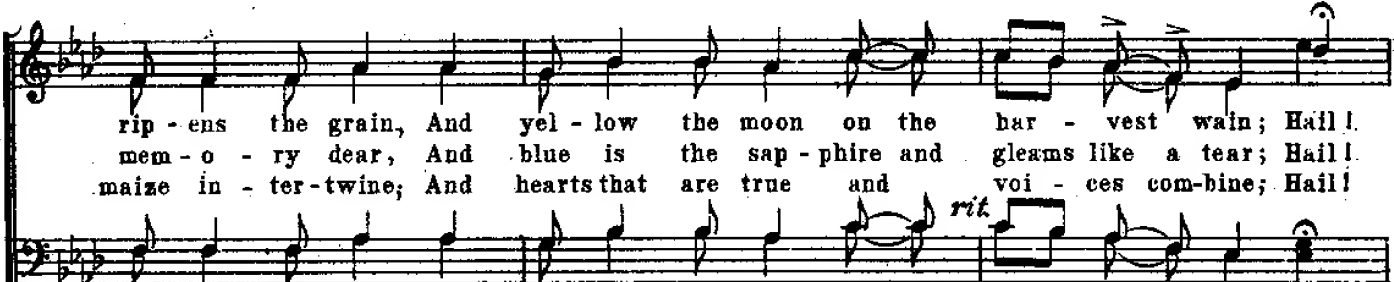
- 
1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and
 2. Blue are the bil-lows that bow to the sun When yel - low robed morn-ing is
 3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear, Here's to the hearts that are



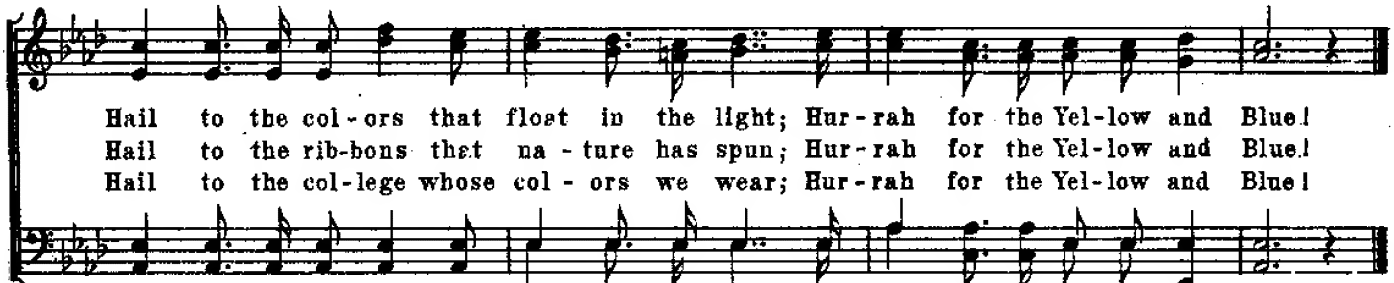
Blue! Yel - low the stars as they ride thro' the night, And
due; Blue are the cur - tains that ev - 'ning has spun, The
true! Here's to the maid of the gold - en hair, And



reel in a rol - lick - ing crew; Yel - low the fields where
slum - bers of Phoe - bus to woo; Blue are the blos - soms to
eyes that are brim-ming with blue! Gar - lands of blue - bells and



rip - ens the grain, And yel - low the moon on the har - vest wain; Hail!
mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sap - phire and gleams like a tear; Hail!
maize in - ter - twine; And hearts that are true and *rit.* voi - ces com - bine; Hail!



Hail to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the rib - boms that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!